

In the Shade of a Tree / We'll Outshine the Sun

In the Shade of a Tree

AFS 1606 B1

"Well met my love, yes, well met my darling." A fair maid I greeted beneath a tree. She smiled, said "I'm busy, oh come sit beside me, Then you can help me in shelling my peas."

Her plans I embraced, then soon we were busy, We hulled, and we hulled, we were so charmed. We sang, talked and smiled, our hands, heads were dizzy, And soon fast asleep, yes in each others' arms!

In course of time, our slumber was over, We looked at each other, with a cute smile.

"'Twas love at first sight." she said, "True my darling, the parson," I said "we'll not need for awhile."

We sat there and talked, our vein it was serious, Promised to meet again, 'neath the tree. I said, "The fruit that falls without any shaking, I'm sure in my heart is to mellow for me."

"Oh, don't leave me now," this she said half crying, "Be manly and brave, oh, make me your bride. I'm ruined, I know, yes, undone forever, If you refuse and will not here abide."

We'll Outshine the Sun

AFS 1606 B2

Oh, hear the master calling, he is calling each one, So kindly saying "Come." Kindly saying, "Come." Take up your cross and follow him, you'll outshine the sun, And we'll walk the golden streets on high.

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Let Jesus keep us polished and we'll outshine the sun, Outshine the sun, outshine the sun.
Let Jesus keep us polished and we'll outshine the sun, And we'll walk the golden streets
on high.

He never forgets you, love him if you will, All things are that sing, he means it still. Don't be
faith to trust him, his word he's fulfilled, So he walked the golden streets on high.

Let Jesus keep us polished and we'll outshine the sun, Outshine the sun, outshine the sun.
Let Jesus keep us polished and we'll outshine the sun, And we'll walk the golden streets
on high.

He'll keep our hearts so happy, yes, and clean all the day, And we'll not go astray, we'll
not go astray. For he will lead and help us, yes, here with all, all the way, And we walk the
golden streets on high.

There never was a friend like him, so kind, loving, true, So kind, loving true, so kind, loving,
true. And if we will be faithful he will take us all through, And we'll walk the golden streets
on high.

Let Jesus keep us polished and we'll outshine the sun, Outshine the sun, outshine the sun.
Let Jesus keep us polished and we'll outshine the sun, And we'll walk the golden streets
on high.